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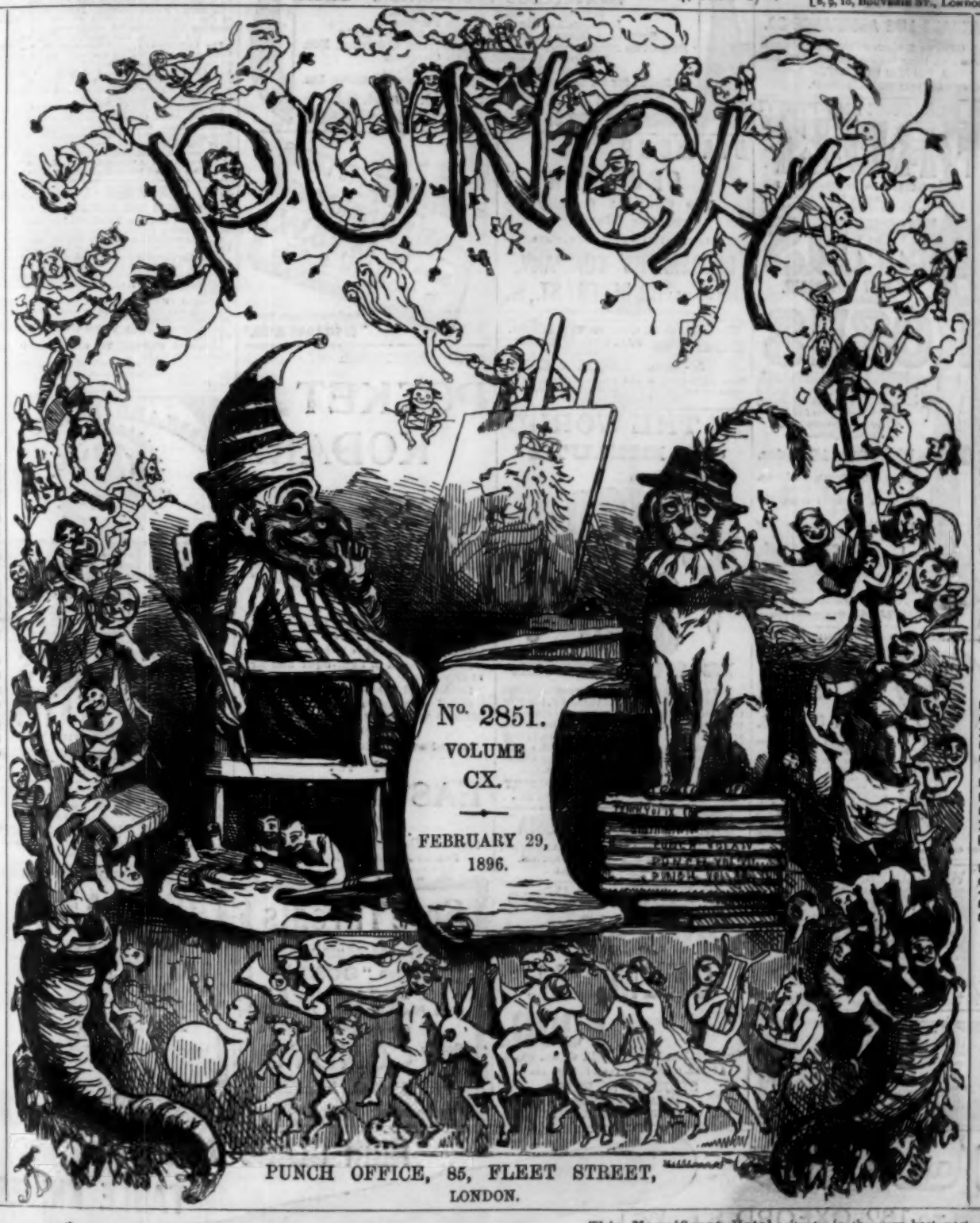

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The Steamship GARONNE, 3,874 tons register, will embark passengers at VILLA FRANCA on the 4th March, and thence proceed to PALERMO, TAORMINA, SANTORIN, BEYROUT (for Damascus), HAIFA, JAFFA (for Jerusalem), ALEXANDRIA (for Cairo), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 16th April, and London 17th April. Passengers from London should leave by the 11 o'clock a.m. train on the 3rd March, reaching Villa Franca 3 p.m. following day.
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THE QUICK-STEP OF THE LAW IN THE COMING BY-AND-BY.

["The Counsel of the Plaintiff was about to tell his Lordship the history of the case, when the Judge said he was familiar with the whole of it."
Daily Paper.]

SCENE—*A Court of Justice. Usual accessories.* Judge *on the Bench.* Barristers *facing him.* Solicitors *in the Well, seated next* Litigants. Jury *in their box, and* Witnesses *in waiting.*

Leader for the Plaintiff. And now, my Lord, if your Lordship pleases, I will give you a brief history——

Judge (*interrupting*). No, thanks. I know all about it.

Leader for the Plaintiff. Well, I will proceed to examine my client, who has already been sworn.

Judge. Thanks. Quite unnecessary. I will examine him myself. [*Does so.*

Leader for the Plaintiff. I will now proceed to call other witnesses.

Judge (*interrupting*). Better leave them to me. I will dispose of them in next to no time. [*Does so.*

Leader for the Defendant. And now, my Lord, I will open the case for——.

Judge. Quite unnecessary. I know all you propose to say.

Leader for the Defendant. Then I will call *my* witnesses.

Judge. I shall follow the practice I have established on the other side, and look after them myself. [*Does so.*

Leader for the Defendant. With your Lordship's permission, I will sum up the case in defence of my client.

Judge. Thanks, no. I can do that for you.

Leader for the Plaintiff. And I for my client, if your Lordship pleases, will——

Judge (*interrupting*). Sum up the whole case? Thanks, no. I can do it for you as easily as for your learned friend. [*Does so.*

Foreman of the Jury. And now, my Lord, are we to give our verdict?

Judge. Well, you can if you like; but I really think you had better leave it to me, as I know much more about it than you do.

Foreman of the Jury. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. That's right. Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages fifty pounds, and costs.

Leaders (*protesting*). Really, really, my Lord, we are not accustomed to——.

Judge (*interrupting*). But I am! Call the next case.

[*Hurried business, and quick Curtain.*

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

"OH YES, I KNOW I MUST EAT IF I WANT TO GROW HEALTHY, AND BIG, AND STRONG. NOW I SUPPOSE *YOU* WERE ABLE TO LEAVE OFF EATING *LONG* AGO, AUNT PHILLIDA!"

NONE BUT THE SLAVE DESERVES THE FARE.—At the meeting of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, Mr. FORBES, the chairman, complained that prosperous tradesmen used workmen's trains and paid only one penny instead of twice or thrice as much. Of course, these well-to-do merchants ought to be "punched" at the barriers, and the *bonâ fide* working men stamped M. D. R. or Men Deserving Relief.

A REALLY WONDERFUL PIG.—The Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states that *Monsieur Cochon*, a highly intelligent pig in the *Mardi gras* cavalcade, "had a quizzical expression on its *snout* as it looked down on the crowd from the *charcuterie* car." Of course, *Monsieur Cochon* must have turned up his nose at the spectators in order to get any expression out of it.

"GLORIOUS, BY JINGO!"

SCENE—*The Metropolis of a Mighty Empire. Enter* First *and* Second Citizen.

First Citizen. Glorious news, isn't it?

Second Citizen. Magnificent! Never heard anything to equal it in my life!

First Cit. Going to have the biggest fleet ever seen—costing millions!

Second Cit. Yes; and an army that will go anywhere, and do anything—costing so much more.

First Cit. And the volunteers to have as much cash as they like!

Second Cit. And the militia and yeomanry to have more than they care for!

First Cit. Why, we shall make the whole world envy us with our new forts, and new guns, and new coaling-stations!

Second Cit. Yes; we shall put ourselves outside competition!

First Cit. And absolutely negative criticism!

Second Cit. Fire guns all day costing about £200 a discharge!

First Cit. And send out any number of squadrons under full steam at so much per ton for coals!

Second Cit. Fortunately, we are going to have a big surplus!

First Cit. Not that *that* will go very far! No, we must just absorb it with a view to increased expenditure!

Second Cit. Quite so. What I say is confound the expense!

First Cit. To which I respond, down with the Income Tax!

Second Cit. What if we have to pay tenpence in the pound?

First Cit. Or even—if it comes to that—even two hundred and forty.

Second Cit. So rule Britannia!

First Cit. And there's no dearer place than home!

[*They stimulate one another with a forced cheer, and exeunt recklessly.*

PROBABLE.—On his way to the pole Dr. NANSEN may have come across the traces of other expeditions.

QUEER QUERIES.

RABIETIC.—What is the best way of putting a muzzle on a very athletic and rather bad-tempered bull-dog? I have tried to do it while he was (apparently) fast asleep, and narrowly escaped from the apartment with my life. Chloroform is of no use, as the brute will not allow it to be placed anywhere near his nose, and a strong solution of it inserted in the garden syringe and squirted over him through a window only makes him savage. Shall be glad of any hints—also to know cost of a journey to PASTEUR'S establishment in Paris.—LOVER OF DOGS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Owing to some small domestic misunderstandings, my wife has obtained (1) a protection order against me, (2) a judicial separation, (3) maintenance at two pounds a week, (4) and custody of a favourite parrot. I feel doubtful whether under the new Act I have the right to go on living in my own house. Will somebody kindly explain the Act, and also tell me how I am to give two pounds a week out of an income of thirty shillings?—ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

ADVICE GRATIS.—A house-agent has let my furnished house for me, and now has the assurance to claim a commission! Am I bound to pay this monstrous demand? I am glad and proud to say that I have not signed any agreement to pay it. The man says he has taken a great deal of trouble over the letting, and no doubt he has. But having signed nothing, surely I am not legally liable?—GENEROUS SOUL.

MORE HISTORICAL DOUBTS.—We have a beastly history lesson twice a week, and I want to know, please, who was "the Electric SOPHIA," and why was she called by that name? I asked my master, who only laughed, and said he "supposed it was because she had a magnetic personality," but I don't know what on earth he meant. She comes in every lesson, and all the form laughs at me when I mention her. So please let me know about her soon.
JONES MINIMUS.

MOTTO FOR AN IMPECUNIOUS FOOTBALL CLUB.—"More kicks than halfpence."

"NURSE BRUIN."

'WHAT A SPIRIT HE HAS! DEAR LITTLE CHAP! INTERFERE WITH HIM, INDEED; NOT WHILE HIS OLD NANA IS HERE."

A RESULT OF THE OPEN SEASON.

Biker (to his hunting friend). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, THAT NAG OF YOURS LOOKS RATHER DEFLATED—LET ME LEND YOU MY PUMP."

PUNCH'S PLEA FOR THE WHITE-PLUMED HERONS.

(An Appeal to all English Ladies with Pitiful Hearts.)

"BUTCHERED to make a Roman holiday,"
That roused hard anger in indignant metre
Butchered to make a lady's bonnet gay!—
Sounds that much sweeter?

Little white heron, with the shoulder plume
Which stirs the milliner's remorseless passion,
You guess not how your finery seals your doom
At beck of Fashion.

The little egret's nuptial plumes are sought
Above all other feathers by EVE's daughter,
And hence the heronry with woe is fraught,
A scene of slaughter.

Poor, pretty, bridal-plumed, nest-loyal birds,
At breeding-time alone you grow gregarious.
The hunter comes, and scenes too sad for words
Grieve e'en the hilarious.

The mothers hovering near their helpless brood,
Are shot in hundreds; 'tis such easy killing!
The plumelets are plucked out, since they are good
For many a shilling.

The young birds starve, whilst, festering in white heaps,
Their displumed parents lie in scores about them.
When men say at the thought their chill blood creeps,
Will ladies doubt them?

Male thralls of Mammon do the murderous deed,
But if the slaves of Mode could feel compassion,
Young herons need not starve, nor old ones bleed.
To—follow Fashion!

The heronries are fast destroyed, 'tis said,
The pretty egrets fast exterminated.
It seems a pity! Betwixt Mode and Trade
Are the birds fated?

Nay, lovely woman, prithee just say "Nay"
In mere humanity and love of beauty!
Punch loves the sex, and to his pets would pray,
"Dears—do your duty!"

CAREFUL REVISION.—In Chicago, the Board of Education has adopted a "revised version" of the Bible. Some of the Psalms of David wanted, they thought, cutting; so they cut them. They've cut "*A little bit here, and a little bit there.*" "*Here a bit, and there a bit, and everywhere a bit,*" as the old song has it. But, when editing and revising the Bible, why not omit the two versions of the Decalogue? *That* omission would suit a vast number of worthy people.

NEW MOTTO FOR THE MUSSULMAN.—There is no good in the European Concert, and the Sultan's its profit!

CANNING'S COUPLET REMODELLED.

IN matters of contest the charm of the Dutch
Is *for*giving a little, and asking not much.

THE MILLINER MUSE.

(A Recipe.)

CUT prose, just like mohair or silk, into snippets,
And end them with tags, like boot-laces;
Bespangle with tropes, like glass-beads on girls' "tippets,"
To please the new Muses and Graces:
Finish off with smart tassels,—called commonly rhymes,—
For antiphonetical tinkling;
And, with shoddy that sparkles and nonsense that chimes,
You 'll be hailed a new bard in a twinkling.

PATRIOTIC TOAST.

British Tar sings:—

BRITANNIA still sea-rule enjoys,
Despite rude Ger-ma-ny!
Here 's to her Flying Squadron, boys!
And may it never—fly!

THE CURSE OF CHEAPNESS.—These are terribly subversive times! What price *anything*?—or anybody? "Penny Posts" were bad enough, though *they* have sometimes been quoted as low as "tuppenny-halfpenny," to be sure. But now some radical revolutionary advertises a "Shilling Peerage"! This is the most daring attack upon the House of Lords we have yet heard of. The next novelty we suppose will be "Sixpenny Sovereigns" or "Farthing Crowns."

"Taking the Sh(r)ine out of Him."

["I suppose I must begin what I have to say by laying a chaplet . . . . on the opulent shrine of the Colonial Secretary."—*Vide Lord Rosebery's Speech in House of Lords, February* 11.]

The Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n loq.:—

ALTHOUGH I 'm a thundering kind of a chap
I agree not with "canonisation":
Were I only a saint I 'd be not worth a rap
In this cycle of civilisation.
That 's why I don't care *for* that metaphor rare—
No, I *can't* like that "opulent *shrine*" a bit.
But cut out the "r" and you 'll find me "all there."
For I *think* I can "opulent *shine*" a bit!

"UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE." (*Extract from letter written by Undergraduate Member of Literary Society to learned friend.*)—I hear that I am going to be asked by the committee to read an essay on "Keats." Can you tell me . . . what *are* "Keats"?
Yours ever, SAMMY.

NOTTO BE TOO RIGG-OROUSLY TAKEN.—Of course (*à propos* of some recent letters in the *Times*), the reverend gentleman is not a "Vessel of Wrath," but, being a vessel, his detractors might say of him, in nautical fashion, that "he is rather a queer Rigg."

HE HAD SUCCEEDED.

A. "OH, I SAY, THAT SKETCH YOU DID OF ME IN THE *DAILY NEAYOR* MADE ME LOOK THE SORT OF CONCEITED ASS ONE WOULD LIKE TO KICK!"

B. "YOU THINK SO? AND I WAS AFRAID I HAD QUITE FAILED TO CATCH THE CHARACTER!"

HAPPY PAIR.

["A marriage was 'solemnised,' by special licence, before Sheriff BROWN, but the 'happy pair' had a long wait in the Sheriff Court until his lordship disposed of a 'criminal case'!"—*The Aberdeen Daily Free Press.*]

Eheu, fugaces! Now Hymen's kept waiting,
The conjugal knot can't be tied.
"Antic the law" must, by dint of debating,
A *criminal case* first decide.

L'Envoi.

How queer a commencement! Yet, "happy pair," pause,
And ponder the terrible thought:—
Some day before J(e)une, in a different cause,
Again you may *wait* for the Court!

A TEETOTALER'S SPIRIT.—During recent breach-of-promise trial, plaintiff, a barmaid, examined by member of legal, not drinking, Bar, said that defendant "never drank spirits at all." "Then," asked the Judge, "what *did* he drink?" "Scotch whisky," promptly answered Barmaiden. So this is good news for teetotalers. "Scotch whisky is not reckoned among spirits." But isn't it rather a cruel revelation to the whisky drinker?

THE POET LAUREATE'S LINES.—"'Alf Measures."

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

A HOLIDAY HORROR

I AM about to narrate one of the most afflicting tragedies that have ever come to my knowledge, a tragedy that is in very truth a tragedy, for it moves pity and terror, purges the emotions by them—and that I have always understood to be the genuine mark of a tragedy. It happened during the last Christmas holidays, but a very natural desire on the part of those concerned that their reputations might not suffer, kept the story from their intimates and from the world. It was revealed to me under a pledge of profound secrecy. As, however, no good purpose can be served by keeping this pledge, I have no scruples whatever about breaking it. Indeed, I have always been of the opinion that such pledges were exacted merely in order that they might be promptly broken. If, for instance, a secret is revealed to me in an ordinary commonplace way with no special attempt to enhance mystery by binding me to a complete silence, I go on my way and forget all about it the next minute. But if on the other hand I am bound to silence by strange oaths, if I am assured that the character of orphans, or the peace of mind of widows depends upon my observing secrecy—why then the load becomes too heavy to be borne, my shoulders resent the unaccustomed weight, and I go about groaning until I can obtain ease by sharing it with others. This I shall now do.

WHEN REGGIE BARKWORTH came home for his Christmas holidays, he was received in the parental mansion in London with the usual demonstrations of chastened joy. REGGIE is at present serving his country on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, qualifying for the Admiral's uniform, with which the imagination of his fond mother has already invested him. He is a boy of high spirits, full of mischief and pranks as a boy should be, and the question of entertaining him, keeping him occupied, and diverting his energies from monkey-tricks, assumes a considerable importance in an otherwise quiet household. I need not go through the list of all the pantomimes, entertainments, and amusements, to which REGGIE was consigned in the charge of his various relatives, each of whom was told off in turn for a spell of Reggie-duty. Sometimes, however, the stock of guardians ran dry for the moment, and REGGIE had to be sent off alone, or in the company of any shipmates whom he might have gathered round him. On an occasion of this sort, he sallied forth one fatal day, with four others like unto himself, and visited a certain Hall of Amusement. He had received the usual injunctions as to the punctuality of his home-coming, and a reasonable amount of money, strictly apportioned to his needs, had been allotted to him. In due time these five budding sailors invaded the Hall. After feasting on many marvels, listening to songs, observing dances in a properly critical spirit, and gazing with breathless interest at spangled acrobats, they found themselves in a recess dedicated to the performances of an army of industrious fleas, in charge of a skilled and voluble educator. The entertainment was in full swing, but the spectators were not very numerous, and the youngsters were therefore able to obtain front places at the table on which the tricks were proceeding.

"THIS here," said the educator, a melancholy man, seemingly overweighted with his responsibilities; "this here in the front is *Caradoc*, the champion flea of the world. I ketched him young, off of a ducal establishment in the Midlands, and spent a year learnin' him all his accomplishments. He is a flea of very determined character, strictly honnerble in all his dealin's; but he has a warm heart, and shows remarkable affection. *Caradoc*"—this to the flea—"do not champ your bit so; I can't have you a pawin' the ground like this; beyave yourself like an aristocrat, and be quiet till I tell you to move. Ladies and gentlemen, *Caradoc* will now draw the state coach four times round the arena. Then, raisin' hisself on his hind legs, he will bow three times, salutin' the company. On the box of the coach you will observe *Charleymang* and *Wellington*, two fleas specially selected for their knowledge of 'osses and power of drivin' safe through a crowd of traffic. The flea inside the coach, sittin' in state, is the *Queen of the Sandwich Islands*. She is a lazy flea, but very stiff about etiquette; will have the other fleas a bowin' down before her, and never turnin' their backs. Now, *Caradoc*, you can start. Let the ladies and gentlemen see your fine action. Look

here, my young fellow"—this was to REGGIE—"don't you come a pushin' like that, or you'll upset that 'ere bottle, and there's a matter of five 'undred fleas in that bottle, all in strict training, and kep' from their natural food, so as to make 'em savage. Good gracious! do be careful. There, didn't I tell you——"

THE expected had taken place. REGGIE and his companions, in their anxiety to observe the evolutions of *Caradoc*, *Charley-mang*, *Wellington*, and the *Queen of the Sandwich Islands*, had advanced too closely to the table, and with a careless sweep of his arm REGGIE had upset the bottle, the top of which, I may state, was only covered with a card. Five hundred hungry, savage fleas, all in strict training, saw their chance of liberty, and most of them profited by it. Never has there been such a hopping, such a scattering right and left of agonized spectators. "There," said the educator, as he surveyed the ruin of his hopes, "you've done it this time, my boy. Them five 'undred fleas are half-eddicated. Many's the day I spent over them, but it's all wasted now, and I'm in the Bankruptcy Court. Why, I refused a thousand pound for that there bottle of fleas only last week."

By this time the bottle had been restored to its upright position and securely covered, but it held only a very small proportion of its original contents. The rest had vanished like a beautiful dream. REGGIE, a boy of a kindly disposition, was overwhelmed with grief at the result of his thoughtlessness. "Look here," he said, "I've only got a shilling, but if that's any use to you you shall have it." "A shillin'," said the educator in a tone of scorn, "what's a shillin'? But there, I'll take it on account, and you can pay me the other nine-'undred-and-ninety-nine pounds, nineteen shillin's by instalments. I dessay I can ketch some more as time goes on. If I do, I'll credit you with them." The bargain was struck, and REGGIE went home.

OF course the matter did not end here. On the following day REGGIE returned to the *Britannia* swollen to twice his natural size. The room he had occupied at home was fumigated, but to no avail. It was occupied last week by a beautiful young lady who had come to stay for a dance. Her shrieks during the night were heartrending, and her appearance the next day so painful that she had to be wrapped in cotton-wool and sent back in the charge of a nurse to the country vicarage which is her home. From the *Britannia* come rumours of a restless spirit on the part of the cadets which is causing serious anxiety to the authorities. London is at this moment unconsciously under the domination of several hundreds of fleas, just sufficiently educated to know their own terrible powers, but not to restrain them within the limits of propriety and good-feeling. I can see only one remedy, that the County Council should issue a muzzling order for fleas.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGES OPEN TO WOMEN OF ALL DEGREES.—Let us make a selection. There's Magdalen, Oxford, likewise Cambridge. At the former, a girl undergraduate may become a "Demy" if she doesn't object to swearing, and is not of opinion that the "Demy" won't become *her*. There's Clare College—pretty name Clare. Likewise, there's St. Catherine's. Lady Bachelors to remain celibates, and the M.A.'s to wear the quoif of St. Catherine. At the college the study of music would largely engage the attention of the students, and once every term there would be a "Catt's Concert" in Hall. The Game of Pass for the corners would be a favourite one with the undergraduate girls.

First Newspaper Boy. "HULLO, BILL! WHO'S 'E?"
Second Newspaper Boy. "I SUPPOSE 'E'S THE NORTH POLE AS 'AS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED!"

L.S.D.

Chancellor of the Exchequer to John Bull:—

I beg to remark, dear respected J. B.,
If you wish to retain your command of the sea,
You must give me command of your L.S.D.

John Bull to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

I shan't make a fuss o'er pounds, shillings, and pence,
If you give me defence without waste or pretence.
Let's have a strong Navy, and—hang the expense!
The L.S.D. *I* want is my Land's Safe Defence!

Drawing the Line.

(Written after reading the views of Baron Von Marschall concerning "Our Railways," &c., in the Transvaal.)

To MONROE Doctrine JOHN BULL *may* be schooled,
But, spite of all that German Baron's jaw,
He'll show the Teuton he is not yet ruled
By "MARSCHALL" Law!"

THE BARE FACT.—The recent great rise in Consols "may be ascribed," the *Times* observed, "in great measure to the existence of a bear account, called into being by the possibilities of disturbance opened up by events in various parts of the world." Then it's mainly on the "Russian Bear account" that Consols have gone up.

WHAT OUR TENOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Fair Accompanist (cheerfully). "NOW YOU GO ON, AND NEVER MIND ME! I'LL CATCH YOU UP BY-AND-BY!"

PUNCH TO THE NEW PRESIDENT.

["I thank you, good Sir JOHN!"—*Second Part King Henry the Fourth*, Act II., Sc. 1.]

"SIR JOHN, I am thy *Punchius*, and thy friend!"
And this comes, greeting.
I've watched thy splendid course from end to end.
The years, swift fleeting,
Lent each a new, bright honour to a name
All England's proud of.
Worthy aspirants to artistic fame
There is good crowd of;
But our Sir JOHN is greatest of them all,
By head and shoulders.
That LEIGHTON'S mantle on Sir JOHN should fall
Gladdens all beholders.

To fifty years of well-fulfilled renown,
And popularity,
This seems the well-earned guerdon and fit crown.
The widest charity
Holds not *all* Presidents in Art supreme,
As in urbanity.
But MILLAIS' Art is young ambition's dream;
His strong-soul'd sanity,
And breezy *bonhomie*, make such a blend
As all virility
Yearns to. Consummate artist, cheery friend,
'Tis no servility
To bow before such manhood and such power,
Such fine, frank royalty,
Of nature high, and genius in full flower,
In loving loyalty.

From P. R. B. to P. R. A.! That tale
Is worth the telling;
But one who has done everything—save fail—
In all excelling,
Will fill Art's highest ceremonial seat
With lordship easy.
His speech, than LEIGHTON'S less serenely sweet,
But bright and breezy,
Wins with its wholesome frankness. May it long—
And clearer ever—
Sound at that banquet-board where great and strong,
Noble and clever,
Meet under Art's high hospitable dome,
Most pleasant duty
For those who, though they roam, own England Home
And bow to Beauty!
He whose remains WREN'S wondrous fane now covers
Highest would rank you,
And cry, with GOWER, and *Punch*, and all Art's lovers,
"Sir JOHN, I thank you!"

THE SONG OF THE SULTAN.

["The Turk never changes."—*Prince Lobanoff.*]

BISMILLAH! All the Giaour race
Are mutable as mist.
They know not the set Sphinxian face,
Or the firm clenched fist.
Infidel hogs, false, faithless dogs,
From Moscow to Berlin,
They're shifting as Serbonian bogs.
Unsettled even in sin.
The opprobium of the so-called "Powers"
Is mu-ta-bil-i-ty;
But I'm not like the accursed Giaours;
You'll find no change in *me!*

Sons of burnt fathers, that is how
I get the pull of *them*:
I of the imperturbable brow,
And the unruffled phlegm.
I ravish, slay—it is my way—
I always did, and will;
But then as slaughterer I can *stay*,
I kill—and kill—*and* kill!
They know not their own minds a mite,
They cannot long agree;
But murder is my *sole* delight;
You'll find no change in *me!*

They grunt and groan, I sit alone,
And slaughter on—by proxy.
Of mercy they make maudlin moan,
And Christian orthodoxy.
But as they are of many minds,
And I remain of one,
I give them promises, mere blinds,
And still keep up the fun.
I still play off Prince LOBANOFF
Against Lord SALS-BU-REE,
At all their shifting schemes I scoff;
They'll find no change in *me!*

That Russian Prince makes England wince,
And SALISBURY, no doubt,
Makes a wry face, as at a quince,
At Russia's cynic flout.
But Russia really knows me best,
I do not change, *she* does.
'Tis changeless East 'gainst changeful West,
I wade in blood—they buzz!
I like that LOBANOFF; although
Were he but at my knee,
I'd have his head off, at a blow;
He'd find no change in me!

A REAL UNION OF HEARTS.—Mr. LECKY, M.P., and Mr. PLUNKETT, M.P., on the question of mercy, which should not be distrained.

"MONEY NO OBJECT!"

Vulcan. "THIS'LL RUN INTO MONEY MA-AM!"
Britannia. "NEVER MIND ABOUT *THAT* AS LONG AS I CONTINUE TO RULE THE WAVES!!"

KERR VOULEZ-VOUS CHEZ TERRY?

THE present lessee of TERRY'S Theatre is fortunate in his latest production, *Jedbury Junior*. Brightly written is the dialogue, well sketched the characters, and clear the farcical plot of *Jedbury Junior*, written by MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY. Mr. KERR is excellent in it, giving all the lightheartedness and pathos to the character of young *Jedbury* that it requires; and this is equally true of Miss MAUDE MILLETT as the heroine *Dora*. There are two novelties in the piece; one a character played by Mr. G. E. BELLAMY, who makes a decided hit by appearing throughout the piece without having a single word to say except just before the fall of the curtain, when he blurts out "Hooray!" and then, like "the brief candle," is "heard no more." The success of *The Silence of Dean Maitland* is as nothing to that of *Mr. Bellamy Glibb*. The other novelty is the obsequious but honestly devoted butler, *Whimper*, an old family servant, who acts as the medium of communication between *Mr.* and *Mrs. Jedbury* (the father and mother of the hero, well represented by Mr. BEAUCHAMP and Miss EMILY CROSS), who have quarrelled, and who only address one another through the butler, using him as if he were a telephone. In this part of *Whimper*, Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR deserves all praise; it is a careful study of a quite possible, though, of course, eccentric character, and it is redeemed from absurdity by the little touch of genuine sentiment which the old servant exhibits when he has to, in effect, turn *Jedbury Junior* out of *Jedbury Senior's* house. Mr. J. L. MACKAY, as *Major Hedway*, is in perfect keeping with his artistic make-up. Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR tones himself down to *Tom Bellaby*, and renders valuable assistance. Is it an oversight on the part of the author that *Bellaby* comes in hot haste, and with the utmost earnestness, to borrow a fiver of his friend, but forgets all about it after the first two minutes of conversation, and goes off without ever recurring to the subject? Miss EVA MOORE is charming as *Nelly Jedbury*, and Mr. BEECHER hard as nails in the character of *Mr. Simpson*, the thieving manager of *Jedbury & Co.'s* "Bombay House," whose method of fraud is so crude and simple as to afford every ground of hope for his going through life, in a highly satisfactory manner, as a stupid forger and absolutely transparent swindler.

"The Medium," or Telephonic Butler.

Mr. L. POWER'S *Job* is, in every way, a clever and original performance. The "confidential valet," who will ultimately grow into a family butler of the *Whimper* sort, is a very old friend in farce and comedy, and is a character that, if brought into a piece, has to be very carefully treated by the dramatist, and with still greater care by the actor. DICKENS hit off the essentially stagey aspect of such a character when he made *Mr. Leneville* describe the kind of part that *Nicholas Nickleby* had to write for him. The comic confidential servant, and the irascible old father, always ready to "cut off his heir with a shilling," are old friends, but possible bores. When we see either of them on the stage we say "*connu!*" But in this play, though the stern, stony-hearted, but subsequently relenting father, belongs to the old school of irascible parents, yet the sympathetic butler and the friendly valet are ancient friends in new aspects, and the authoress is to be congratulated on the exponents of these two parts. *Jedbury Junior* has in it plenty of the right material for the achievement of popularity, and Mr. KERR ought to do well with it for some time to come.

Motto for the latest edition of *Master Silence*, "*Facta non verba.*"

PARADOXICAL.

(*By a Prussian.*)

KRUPP'S hundred-tonners topped the run,
We thought, but WILHELM'S wiser;
They're beaten by *the* Ton-ton gun,—
According to our KAISER.

EVERYTHING'S IN A NAME.—A man named BLIGHT has just been sent to prison for defrauding the Board of Agriculture.

TO BEATRICE.

ON FEBRUARY THE TWENTY-NINTH.

FAIR BEATRICE,—*this* is not your name, I know
(I couldn't print it, sweet one, in a journal),
But that 'tis *you* whom I address below,
Perhaps you'll learn from evidence internal.

Read, then, between the lines—'tis now a year [matters;
Since last I rhymed to you on sundry
You lived then in a diff'rent hemisphere—
A distance which attachment rather shatters.

You're back again, our letters cross no more! [playmate";
I'm now promoted to be "friend and
Of times that I've "proposed" I've kept no score,
But as a minimum I think I'd name eight!

Well, now 'tis Leap Year, surely 'tis *your* turn
To take a hand at this exhausting pastime;
That you should beat my score I do not yearn—
You'd win at once! Try, then, the first and last time!

Look in your calendar—next Saturday
You'll see's the twenty-ninth—'twill not be reckoned
Again for eight years; don't, then, wait, I pray!
Your question can be popped in half a second!

COSIER COTS.

[Mr. ERNEST HART in *The Queen* makes various revolutionary proposals on "how to go to bed."]

TIME for bed. Glad I've followed HART'S hints. Quite look forward to my comfortable room. Also to getting there—having provided oil-stoves in all passages and staircases. What's the good—as HART says—of being warm in your bedroom, if you are to catch cold on the way?

Find I have to put out the oil-stoves as I pass (as servants have retired long ago). Rather a nuisance, this. One won't expire for quite two minutes. What a draughty corner it's in, too! Don't believe the beast is out yet. Maker assured me these patent centuplex kerosine stoves never smelt of oil. Wish maker could smell them now. Chilled.

Bedroom, anyhow, looking cosy. That idea of the "bookshelf, with a few favourite authors close to bedside," admirable. And HART quite right in calling nightgown the "clothing of the primeval savage," and recommending pyjamas.

Have got the "two levers, one for controlling fire, other for controlling light." In bed. Jolly light from the electric lamp, Hullo! What's it doing? Must really "control" it—seems going out.... All right now. Take down *Guy Mannering*—hang the bedstead. HART says old bed is a "ridiculous contrivance." This one seems to be trying to chuck me out on to floor every minute. Perhaps it's the "movable head-board."... Out of bed. Have controlled head-board. In again.... Odd—seem to have been reading for an hour. How time does slip away when you're really enjoying yourself! It's one o'clock in the morning. Must finish this chapter. Ah! *Next* chapter is the exciting one—two more. What's that curious scraping noise outside? Or is it downstairs? *Can* it be burglars?

My pyjama suit just the thing, Mr. HART says, for "night alarms." Nuisance to have to get up, though. Why can't there be a third lever, to control burglars? Put nose out of door—by Jove, how cold it is! That dratted oil-stove still smouldering—*and* smelling!

Noise seems to have stopped. Still, can't go to sleep just yet. Take down *Pickwick*.... Not as funny as I used to think it.... Two o'clock!... After all, isn't use of a bedroom to go to sleep in? Lie down; what a bore that one can't have electric light *half* off; room in darkness, except for gas-stove. Suddenly remember to have heard that gas-stove left burning in bedroom sure to suffocate one! But if I turn it out, where's the use of having it? Wish Mr. HART were here to advise. No, on the whole, glad he isn't. Turn off gas—rather heroic of me. Have, of course, discarded "the mass of blankets and sheets" which Mr. HART condemns. Not "tucked in" at all, either; how can I be, as that sort of thing seems to constitute "huge set of swaddling clothes, such as only savages now employ even for children?" The light eider-down, however, lets in fearful lot of draught.... Up again, shivering. *Three* o'clock! Turn on gas in stove again. Lever won't work, or gas won't light. Hang HART!

4 A.M. Just got a lot of good old-fashioned blankets and sheets from next room. Fearfully chilled, but have some prospect of a few hours' decently warm sleep.

PROSPECTS OF THE LEAP YEAR CLUB.

["A 'Leap Year Club' has been formed by a number of young ladies."—*Daily Graphic.*]

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—For *mauvaise plaisanterie* commend me to a Man in Authority. I need say no more. You know the cruel practical, too practical, joke played upon me last week, when all the names of those who *benefit* Commerce and Art, and therefore the General Public, were ruthlessly excised by a Hand but too well acquainted with the scissors, and *asterisks* were substituted for their honoured appellations. Again, I say, *cherchons l'homme!* under such circumstances, and when found, make a note of him. He is found, he is noted, and he will be yet more noted. Meantime, let his pitiable trick recoil on his own head. I hereby initiate an entirely new Missing Word Competition, viz., I offer a prize—my poems, *Twitterings of a Tom-Tit*, with autograph—to the ready-witted person of either sex who shall correctly fill in the spaces made by the literary censor (*plus Muscovite qu'un Russe*), and send the result to *Him!* I was about to tell you of a lovely *confection* of milk-tea lace and dust-bin *crêpon*, which I have just seen at Madame ——; but, no, I will not even breathe her name in ink. Let her die like CHATTERTON, unknown to fame, and the product of her genius perish with her; both struck down by the bolt of Him who Must be Obeyed! I have no heart to write more, but here is a new dish of my own creation. I call it *Kari au Rédacteur impayable.* Stew a calf's brain in melted butter seasoned with garlic, pimento, and allspice. Then add a tablespoonful of curry powder, which should be bought not a hundred yards from the upper end of Bunker's Hill Square. Stir over a quick fire, then add a tumbler of brandy, ditto of Welsh whiskey, some areca nut and sliced capsicums. This is an excellent night-cap. Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

P.S. I am sending a letter to The Man, marked not "private," but "public"! Only wait!

A ROUND-ELAY OF DISTRESS.

["Mr. ROUND, M.P., the famous Eton and Oxford cricketer, has had his arm broken by collision with a bicyclist in Kensington Palace Gardens."]

THIS cricketer, for skill renown'd,
'Gainst any pace would take his stand;
But ROUND has, to his sorrow, found
That cycling fast is underhand.

SUMMARY OF THE NEW MAINTENANCE ACT.—"All for Her."

WHAT MR. H——Y PERHAPS EXPECTED.

MY DEAR TIM,—With tears of joy gushing from my overladen eyeballs, I hasten to accept your generous offer of the Chairmanship of the National Party. It will afford me the greatest satisfaction to be able not only to pour some soothing whiskey into our somewhat troubled waters, but also to heap up unlimited burning peat on your proverbially thin scalp. Turning to-day to a merry-thoughtful newspaper, with which I know you are connected, I find myself described (1) as an unmitigated rogue; (2) as a thief; (3) as a lickspittle adherent of Dublin Castle; (4) as a law-abiding landlord; and (5) as a political GUY FAWKES, anxious to blow up Committee Room No. 15. In each of these well-turned jests, dear TIM, I recognise your masterful way of saying what you didn't mean. 'Tis the old story of firing blank cartridges from behind a hedge, to amuse the "bhoys"—the best, most loyal, and most devoted of followers. Do you remember, TIM, that character drawn by either LEVER or LOVER: the literary man, who'd praise somebody to-day in one paper, so that he might abuse himself to-morrow in another? Faith! You might have served for the model. You're as brimful of fun as was *Handy Andy*. Good luck to you, my boy! May we have roaring times together! *Cead mille failthe!*

Ever yours, affectionately, T. S.

Cockawhoop Criticism.

WHEN Art-criticism's cocky, spleenful, rude, and mulish,
It may think it's PENNELL-wise, but it is found foolish.
Donkeys bray, but clever sketchers really ought to know
That—as Mr. MORLEY mentions—lions do not crow!
Nay, a reasonable rooster, or a game-cock brave,
Would scarce care to cockadoodle on a great man's grave.

COMPARATIVE MERITS.—What collection of books is better than a Free Library?—Why, certainly, the *Frere* Library, that once belonged to JOHN TUDOR FRERE, and which has been recently disposed of and dispersed by Messrs. SOTHEBY & Co.

MANAGERIAL PROVERB AS TO OPERATIC DOVES.—You may go in for the "billing" of the doves as much as you like, but it is quite another thing to rely upon their making a *coup*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 17.—Since Mr. CALDWELL retired from the calico-printing business and took to Imperial politics he has suffered some surprises and survived many disappointments. Never did fortune treat him so scurvily as to-night. Had remained through long and varied sitting prepared to discourse on woes and wrongs of crofters. There was preliminary misadventure, since WEIR had rushed in first and put down amendment to Address. He would move it; but House knew member for Mid-Lanark was to second it, and would gladly suffer Ross and Cromarty since it led up to such delight. A long sitting, full of inconsiderable speeches about immaterial things. The case of the dynamite prisoners restated by JOHN REDMOND; ATHERLEY-JONES on Venezuela; WEDDERBURN on Chitral. Each came on in turn; talked of at length; shovelled out of the way: midnight at hand before Crofter's Amendment was reached.

BY SPECIAL LICENCE.
T-by, the Dog that Can't and Won't be Muzzled.

With assistance of *pince-nez* and tragic tones WEIR floundered through succession of incoherent remarks. Then CALDWELL rose; began to reel off speech with smoothness and rapidity of the engines calico-printing in the paternal establishment in far off Milton-on-Campsie. Before forty yards had been neatly finished there was a hitch in the machinery. Thought at first it was a pebble from the indignant Dee protestant against its neighbourhood being desecrated by a calico-printing industry. Turned out to be all due to PRINCE ARTHUR. He had been in his place through night; had made several speeches; kept watchful eye over varied course of business. Now, at sight of CALDWELL with bundle of notes suggestive of small bale of calico ready for the printer, he incontinently fled.

CALDWELL gasped for breath; rubbed his eyes; regarded with startled gaze the empty seat. Was it possible the Leader of the House, having in near view prospect of discourse from him, should have left? No doubt about fact. Prince ARTHUR had gone, appreciably reducing number of audience. The LORD ADVOCATE moved into his place, with evident intention of replying. Too much this for human nature, howsoe'er trained in adversity. Mastering his emotion, CALDWELL lifted up his voice, and denounced the guiltily absent Minister who, he added, in sorrow rather than in anger, had "apparently deputed the task of reply to a junior member of the Government." House so affected that everyone glad when midnight struck a note of sympathy, and a veil dropped over painful scene.

"And they will have it," said SARK as we wended our melancholy way homeward, "that the Scotch people have no sense of humour. Is there any other of the three nations capable of the practical joke of supplying the House of Commons with opportunity of hearing in succession JAMES GALLOWAY WEIR and JEMMY CALDWELL? The humour, I admit, is subtle. Prolongation of its flashing is prone to depression. But there it is; superb in its way, quite unique. All that is required for perfect success is capacity of appreciation on the part of the audience."

Business done.—Still talking round the Address.

Tuesday.—JEMMY LOWTHER, saddling and bridling his old roadster "Protection," trotted up and down the yard just now. JEMMY rides well; has as good a seat on horseback as he had on judicial bench when he presided in wig and gown at Jockey Club inquiry.

"Seems to me," said JOHN MOWBRAY, one of the few Members of the present House who knew JEMMY in days of (Parliamentary) sin, "a great pity J. L. cannot take his seat in the House as he appeared on that memorable occasion. There are times when, contemplating the decadence of a country given up to Free Trade, his face takes on a look of awesome gravity. But the wig and gown are adjuncts of inestimable value. JEMMY, so arrayed, seated at the corner of the front bench below the Gangway in full view of Irish Members, would have distinctly salutary effect. Of course it cannot be: must make the best of him as he is."

Performance of to-night not inspiriting. House already in this, its earliest, lustiest infancy, oppressed by deadly weight of Ministerial majority exceeding three fifties. Irish Members subdivided till there seems nothing left but TIM HEALY. Scotch Members all gone to pieces; cannot be brought up to the scratch, even though CALDWELL and WEIR, claymore and *pince-nez* in hand, essay to lead them on. Welsh Members have re-elected OSBORNE MORGAN as Chairman of their Parliamentary organisation. That looks bloodthirsty. But to-night's uprising on Education Question proved a *fiasco*. English Liberals chiefly anxious to arrange dinner pairs. Of the freelances, even CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES beginning to look wistfully towards Greenwich Hospital. Been making furtive inquiries from JOKIM as to terms of board and lodgings for an old salt who has lost an arm and found a voice in the service of his country.

"Quite a hypothetical case, you know," he said to JOKIM, fastening a hook in his buttonhole ("As if it were a newly-developed orchid," JOKIM said, when telling the story). "But suppose there *was* a case of a man who had sailed on many seas, including Norfolk Broads; had boarded more ships than lie at this moment in the Pool of London; had attempted to teach MUNDELLA navigation when he was President of the Board of Trade; had seen himself passed over when allowance of Ministerial grog was served round; and when approaching middle age found himself stranded in shoal water in a dull House of Commons—suppose, I say, there was such a case, would he be put up comfortably, of course at country's expense, at Greenwich, there to spend his last watch meditating on party ingratitude?"

In such circumstances, at ten o'clock at night, when dolorous Debate on Address flickering out, JEMMY took his melancholy trot. Wasn't allowed even to put up hurdle in form of amendment. Managed to give one kick out at the MARKISS, who, amongst other things, has been saying that in France, where Protection reigns in extremest force, agriculture is worse off than in England. "A more unfounded statement never made by mortal man," exclaimed JEMMY.

"I might have put it shorter than that," he said, as he got down and led the old horse limping back to its loose box in the BENTINCK stables. "Might, indeed, have got it all in three words, including an article. But they're so particular here."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Thursday.—RITCHIE brought in Light Railways Bill; first consignment a million sterling drawn from Imperial Treasury to be distributed among agricultural parishes. All the county Members rose up and called RITCHIE blessed. BRYCE dissembled his love, remembering that when last year he brought in similar measure it was kicked down stairs. As for SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, he smiled sardonically when he heard RITCHIE describe how the million was to be dispensed in gifts or in loans.

THE "CHRISTIAN BROTHERS!"
Messrs. D-ll-n and H-ly.

"My million, dear TOBY, or at least one of my many millions. Do you remember how, during the Gordon Riots, the mob

streamed down to the 'Maypole Inn' at Chigwell, tied *John Willet*, the landlord, in a chair, whence he could, more or less comfortably, certainly with full command of the situation, watch the rascals helping themselves to all the good things he had stored up through a life of long industry? I don't mean to liken Her Majesty's Ministers to a riotous, looting mob, still less would I suggest that between myself and the landlord of the 'Maypole Inn' is there any resemblance, personal or otherwise. Nevertheless, as I sit here watching RITCHIE hand out a million for Light Railways; JOKIM preparing to spend many millions on strengthening the Navy; expecting soon to have GORST, who dearly loves a parson, forking out more millions for the parsons' schools, I am able to enter into the feelings of *John Willet* with keener appreciation and fuller sympathy than when, in my mind's eye, I first saw him bound in the chair of his once snug bar-parlour. All my millions, TOBY. Hoards for which I toiled, rich webs I spun.

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves;
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."

"Well, you know what happened to BATHYLLUS," I said, moved at his honest emotion.

"Yes; but his discomfiture was sudden and swift. We'll probably have to wait six years before the BATHYLLUS-BALFOUR family are brought to book; and where shall we all be then?"

Business done.—Quite a lot. Ministers bringing in Bills with both hands.

Friday.—STANLEY LEIGHTON, The Man from Shropshire, in fine form to-night. Rushed in in usual abrupt, excited fashion, crying not "My Lord! My Lord!" but "Mr. SPEAKER!" Question was, grant for Welsh Museum. Difficulty is Wales has no town which all are content to regard as their capital.

"Very well," said The Man from Shropshire, his logical mind piercing film of doubt and difficulty; "you have no capital in Wales. Then take Shrōwsbury."

Members not indisposed to accept this solution of difficulty. First wanted to know where Shrōwsbury is. Whisper went round that LEIGHTON meant Shrewsbury; the other pronunciation specimen of the fine ancient Britain tongue he had lauded. Crowning recommendation of Shrōwsbury is that someone, at some time, had there been hanged, drawn, and quartered. What more could anyone want in way of recommendation of locality for museum?

A SHAKSPERIAN ILLUSTRATION.

Julius Cæsar (*Lord S-l-sb-ry*) *suspiciously, to Antony* (*B-lf-r*). "Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much, such men are dangerous .... Would he were fatter!"

The Man from Shropshire sat down triumphant. Seemed to be all settled, when GORST explained that he had no money available for scheme. So something else will have to be done with Shrōwsbury.

Business done.—None; but much talk.

A COOL AND COLLECTED CALENDAR.

(*Suggested by the Calm Conduct of an Unemotional People.*)

Monday.—Morning papers announce misunderstanding with U.S.A. General astonishment. Evening journals indignant. Every Londoner in a condition of wild excitement.

Tuesday.—Morning papers devote leaders to "the serious news from U.S.A." Reports from the provinces of greatly increased recruiting. Evening journals call for national support. Entire British race (those beyond the sea by wire) express their intention of rallying round the dear old flag.

Wednesday.—Morning papers print a telegram "made in Germany." Misunderstanding with U.S.A. entirely forgotten in the amazement caused by the latest outrage. Evening journals suggest armament *en masse*. Proposal received with delirious delight by Britons inhabiting both hemispheres.

Thursday.—Morning papers enlarge on the International Insult. Cockneys and provincials vie with one another in examples of self-sacrifice. The army should be recruited with the entire population up to the age of eighty. Evening journals propose increased expenditure on the Navy. The inhabitants of Great Britain demand, with one voice, twenty shillings in the pound for income-tax.

Friday.—Morning papers give accounts of cruel sufferings of an alien people. Latest international insult entirely overlooked in the clamour for immediative mediation. Evening journals review foreign policy of the Government. Universal demand for the despatch of a couple of armies and all the fleet on "special service."

Saturday.—Morning papers narrate terrible accident abroad. Everything forgotten in the zeal for collecting subscriptions. Evening journals give "latest details." Any amount of charitable chatter before all concerned go home to enjoy the morrow's rest.

Judicious Mixture.

[Earl GREY is to succeed Dr. JIM as Administrator of the South African Chartered Company's territory.]

THE introduction of a little Grey will tone down the rather Black Look of South African Affairs.

WHEN JUDGES THEMSELVES ARE TRIED.—During the hearing of an election petition which promises to be still hale and hearty at the beginning of the next century.

SPORT MOST APPROPRIATE TO THE LOCALITY.—Shooting pigeons at Monte Carlo.

A BOERISH PROVERB.—When the Johannesburgher 's in the Wit-lander 's out.

A SHORT "VALE."—ARION, art off?

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE BILLIARDIST *EN FAMILLE*.

I'LL give you twenty! There! you make
A rather lucky fifteen break,
And now miss cue for want of chalk.
I follow on. You clearly see
That unexpected kiss robb'd me,
And sent you into baulk.

You've got the points you asked, and yet
My calculations you upset
By getting up to put me down.
I don't complain, I don't rebel
If at the sport of "*Blanche Chapelle*"
You seek to win renown.

Ha! ha! I have you! Quick! the rest!
That *was* a stroke! the prettiest
Of hazards, giving me a chance.
And there again with certain pride
I demonstrate the power of side,
And *macé* as in France.

You're right! The middle pockets draw.
See, you're a gainer by the flaw!
Under the cushion red should be.
That's what I call a master-shot!
I've broken down when on the spot!
What? ninety-six to fifty-three?

No fluke? Then I apologise.
You've won the game. A great surprise.
You're warmer, dear, than any blister.
I'm very rude? Your temper smother!
I can't be Someone Else's brother,
Nor *you*, alack! that Someone's sister!

ANOTHER NEW DEPARTURE.

The manufacturers of Hugon's Refined Beef Suet ("Atora" Brand) have hit upon a novel and striking method of attracting public attention to their speciality, by sending through the country bullock waggons, as depicted above, distributing samples, and selling their preparation. Our illustration is a reproduction (by permission) from a photograph by Messrs. Jakeman & Carver, Hereford.

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